

FRENCH RECAPTURE LOST POSITIONS AT NEUVILLE

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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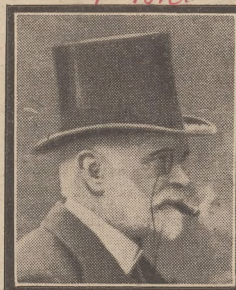
A PICTURESQUE WEDDING: MISS KATHLEEN TENNANT MARRIED
TO THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S HEIR.



The bride and bridegroom leaving the church. The train-bearer is Lord Glenconner's little son.



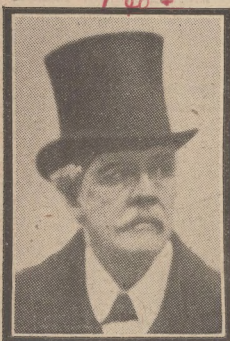
Lady Diana Manners and Miss Asquith, two of the bridesmaids.



The Duke of Rutland.



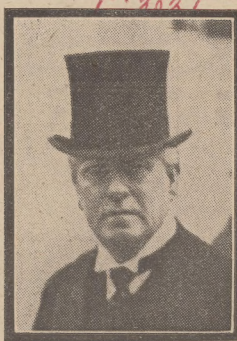
The Duchess of Rutland.



Mr. Balfour.



Mrs. Winston Churchill.



The Prime Minister.



The bride and bridegroom, with bridesmaids and train-bearer.

Lord Granby, only son of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and Miss Kathleen Tennant, a niece of Mrs. Asquith, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday. The church was filled with friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom, among

those present being the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, the Premier, Mr. Balfour and Mrs. Winston Churchill. Lord Granby, who joined the Leicestershire Regiment at the outbreak of war, is now home on sick leave.



"Why, what's this?"

"The money I've saved by dealing with Lipton's. Isn't it splendid? When you praised those delicious rashers of bacon, and the tea, and that beautiful cheese we had last night, you little dreamed that I was saving money all the time. The fact is, Jack, it *pays* to buy Lipton Quality. . . . What about a theatre to-night; don't you think I deserve it?"

TYPICAL EXAMPLES of LIPTON'S VALUE:

Lipton's Tea 1/10
Wonderful quality—quite unobtainable at the price elsewhere.

Raspberry or Strawberry Jam 1/1½
Of unrivalled quality. Jar about 2 lbs. (rd. allowed for jar.)

Margarine 6d.
The same famous Lipton quality at the same price as heretofore. per lb.

Another Million Eggs
of splendid quality, fresh and of good size, will be offered this week at **12 for 1/9**

LIPTONS take a personal pride in the excellence of everything they supply for table, and they are unrivalled for their value in Bacon, Ham, Cheese and Butter. *Quality First*—is the principle on which Lipton's business is being conducted. *Judge for yourself how well that ideal is maintained in all you buy from Liptons.*

You always save money at LIPTON'S

TEA PLANTERS & PROVISION MERCHANTS.

LIPTON, LTD.



A Case for "Wincarnis"

'Wincarnis' gives New Health to all who are
**Weak, Anaemic,
'Nervy,' 'Run-down'**

Because 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all in one. Therefore you derive a fourfold benefit from every wineglassful. 'Wincarnis' surcharges the body with new strength. And at the same time it creates new vitality. And at the same time it enriches and revitalises the blood. And at the same time it promotes new nerve force. It is because of this wonderful fourfold effect that 'Wincarnis' makes you so well so quickly. And, remember, the new health and new life 'Wincarnis' gives you is *lasting*—not a mere "flash-in-the-pan," not a temporary "patching-up"—but *real*, delicious, vigorous health, that makes you feel it is good to be alive. But only

WINGARNIS
"The Wine of Life"


will give you this new health and new life. No substitutes—no "just-as-goods"—no drugged wines—can do what 'Wincarnis' does. Don't be tempted to waste your money or risk your health on imitations of 'Wincarnis'. Remember that 'Wincarnis' has a reputation of over 30 years, and that it is recommended by over 10,000 Doctors. If you are Weak, Anaemic, 'Nervy,' 'Run-down,' or suffer from Sleeplessness or Indigestion—don't suffer needlessly—take advantage of the new health and new life 'Wincarnis' offers you.

All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.'

Will you try just one bottle?

Begin to get well—FREE.

Send the Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good.

Send this  Coupon for a Free Trial Bottle.

Free Trial Coupon

Coleman & Co. Ltd., W313, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.
Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of 'Wincarnis.' I enclose FOUR penny stamps to pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

"Daily Mirror,"
28/1/16.

LIFE

Health, and spirits are all dependent upon the functional habits of the body, and there is nothing so damaging to these as to allow the bowels to become habitually constipated. FI-CO-LAX, the original fruit laxative, corrects and cures. But be sure it is Ficolax—British and Best.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.



In Bottles,
1/3
Family size
3/-

Ficolax being highly concentrated is far more economical than other so-called Fruit Laxatives.

THE FICOLAX CO., 22-30, GRAHAM STREET, LONDON.

A MISSING MASCOT.

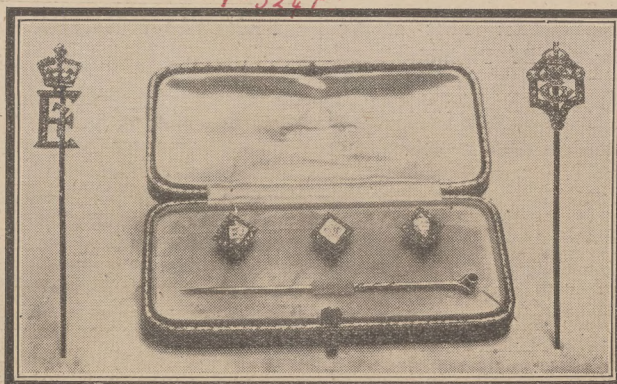
G. 5666H.



Mascot of the 8th South Lancshires. He strayed from Wimbledon, probably to follow soldiers. Reward if returned to 2, Walpole-street, Chelsea.

ROYAL GIFTS TO MR. LEWIS WALLER.

P. 324F.



Presented to the late actor by King Edward VII. after command performances.

PLUCKY ACT.

P. 18535.



Driver Sherwin, who piloted an express train fifty miles after a piece of coal had fallen on his ankle and fractured it.

MISSING.

P. 18535.



Private Sidney N. Shergold (New Zealand force), reported missing. Send information to 66, St. George's-road, Leyton.



Worn when playing Henry V.

Theatrical and personal relics belonging to the late Mr. Lewis Waller, the actor, were sold by auction at Christie's yesterday.

"FOLLIES."

P. 6282A.



Miss Dollis Brooke, who will appear with "The Follies." They reopen at the Coliseum on Monday with a new programme.

PEER'S HEIR.

P. 153.



Lieutenant the Hon. G. J. Goschen, Lord Goschen's heir, who has died of wounds received in the Persian Gulf.

LIKES MARMALADE.

P. 9569.



Miss Joan Buckmaster, Gladys Cooper's little daughter, says "Good morning!" to Marmalade before going for a canter in the Row.

NATIVE KING IN LONDON.

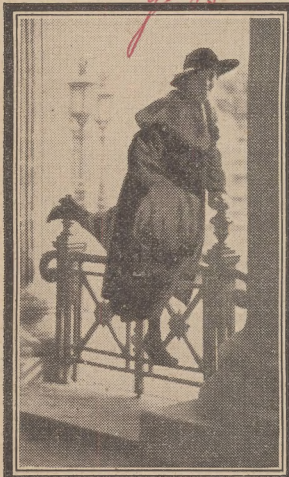
P. 18535.



The King and Queen of Woolloomooloo at the corroboree held at the Caxton Hall, Westminster.

TAKING A SHORT CUT.

G. 852.



A woman delegate to the Labour Conference at Bristol climbs the rails in front of the hall.

A "POST OFFICE" AT THE FRONT.

G. 49080.



Letters for the soldiers have to be dealt with in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. A mail has just been delivered here and is being sorted. The spot is quite close to the trenches.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST FLAGSTAFF.

G. 192.



This is how the new flagstaff for Kew Gardens was moved across the moat. It is the world's largest flagstaff, and arrived recently from British Columbia.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

DRASTIC DECISION OF THE GOVERNMENT TO REDUCE OUR IMPORTS

Mr. Runciman's Startling Announcement That a Big Percentage of Paper Pulp is To Be Prohibited.

HINT TO FRUIT TRADE TO AVOID CONTRACTS

Importation of Raw Tobacco and Building Materials May be Stopped in Order to Release Ships for War Purposes.

"Save the paper" should be the motto in every household as the result of Mr. Runciman's important statement in Parliament yesterday. Waste paper must cease to exist.

Mr. Runciman stated that in order to release vessels for more urgent purposes the Government had decided to cut down the imports of paper pulp and grass for making paper. He added that the import of other articles may shortly be prohibited, including possibly:—
Raw tobacco. Furniture woods and veneers.
Building materials. Some fruits.

"If necessary the list will be extended until the tonnage pressure is released," announced Mr. Runciman.

WHY SHIPS ARE NEEDED.

In explaining the necessity for cutting down our imports so as to provide increased shipping for the transport of foodstuffs, munitions and other essentials, Mr. Runciman said:—

The Government has decided to relieve the pressure by cutting down some of the imports, less essential for national existence, which at present occupy space in vessels arriving at our ports and prevent these vessels being used for more urgent purposes.

Paper pulp, and grass for the making of paper, have been the first subjects for the operation of this policy of reducing our imports because of its great bulk and the influence it has on tonnage.

The imports of paper and paper-making materials amount in weight to over 1,600,000 tons in the course of a year, and approximately 2,000,000 tons of space in the ships that carry them.

The import of a large percentage of this large total will shortly be prohibited, and the tonnage thus set free will be available for the carriage of foodstuffs, fuel, munitions and other essential supplies.

I have been in conference with the paper-makers and the newspaper proprietors, and, recognising the urgency of the national need, they have given us the benefit of their views, and we can, I feel sure, rely on their loyal co-operation in such steps as may be necessary and which, while being unavoidable, must interfere with their business and with that of all paper users.

RAW TOBACCO AND FRUIT.

In order to help to ease the strain placed on the carrying capacity of the mercantile marine it follows that all householders, as well as those engaged in every business and industry in which paper is used, can render assistance by rigid economy in the use of paper of all kinds.

In order to conserve our internal sources of the raw material of paper, the export from this country of rags and waste paper is about to be prohibited.

The import of other articles and materials of a bulky nature may shortly be prohibited, including possibly raw tobacco, and the future to be assisted by a small body consisting of Lord Faringdon, Mr. Thomas Roydon and Mr. F. W. Lewis, presided over by Lord Curzon, who have accepted the invitation of the Prime Minister to undertake this duty.

MOST DIFFICULT QUESTION.

Sir Walter Essex asked, with respect to paper imports, whether the Board of Trade had considered the fact that the prohibition might act adversely towards certain newspapers who had to rely on outside sources for their supply, and would help other newspapers which had their own private means.

"I prefer not to make any statement at present," said Mr. Runciman. "It is a most difficult question to deal with, but, whatever arrangements are made, will be on equitable lines, and I hope will not give unfair privileges to anybody concerned."

Mr. Hogge asked whether due notice of the changes would be given to the fruit trade.

Mr. Runciman said what he had indicated was intended to be a pretty broad hint to the fruit trade not to make contracts for the coming season that might harass them.

TO HALVE PAPER BILL.

In future it will be a private as well as a national economy for us to preserve carefully every sheet of paper that comes into the house.

The greatest waste in paper is in fire-lighting. Only enough paper actually needed to start the fire burning should be used.

A business man told *The Daily Mirror* last night that he was reducing the size of his letter paper at once. "My firm's writing paper is in quarto sheets," he said, "fully one-third of our

letters do not occupy more than four or five lines.

"In future those letters will be written on slips—if necessary, on both sides—and fully half our paper bill will be saved." This suggestion might well be carried out in the domestic world. "One of useful paper is burnt in London each week just to 'get rid of it.' Every establishment that has paper to spare should sell it, so that it may be remanufactured into the coarser kinds.

'TOMMY'S' 'WOODBINES' UNTOUCHED

Considerable alarm among manufacturers and smokers was caused by the proposal concerning the import of raw tobacco.

"It is a sledge-hammer to crack an egg," said Mr. Arthur Phillips, of Messrs. Godfrey Phillips, Limited, last night. "The cubic ton space of the total importation of tobacco in a year is about 160,000 tons, and that is about one-twelfth of the cubic space taken up by paper. It would make no difference to freights; it is such a small amount."

"It would also mean a loss to the revenue of from £21,000,000 to £24,000,000 a year.

Of course the Government are basing this suggestion on the fact that there is two years' supply of tobacco in stock. That may be so with the Imperial Tobacco Company and one or two independent manufacturers, but the small manufacturer does not hold anything like a two years' supply."

"Will 'Tommy's' 'Woodbines' be affected at all," Mr. Phillips was asked. "The Imperial Tobacco Company will surely be covered," he replied, "so it will not affect 'Tommy's' 'Woodbines.' There is bound to be a rise in mixtures, whether the Government stop importation or not, because there is already a shortage."

COVENT GARDEN STAGGERED.

"This is a staggering blow at the orange trade," said a Covent Garden salesman yesterday, commenting on Mr. Runciman's warning to fruit traders.

"We are dependent upon Spain for the whole of our supply. Lemons, grapes, pears and tomatoes will also be affected. Most of our lemons come from Italy, but we get a certain number from Spain."

"We have been looking forward to a good apple season, as it is believed that both Australia and Tasmania have fine crops."

QUEEN MARY INDISPOSED.

Lord Grenfell Announces That Her Majesty Is Suffering from a Slight Cold.

Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, presiding yesterday at a meeting at Queen's Hall in aid of the Radiograph Ambulance Cars' Fund, said that the Queen was suffering from a slight cold and was unable, therefore, to honour the gathering with her presence.

She desired him to say that she was in full sympathy with the objects of that meeting.

The King came to town yesterday to visit the Frigate Council at Buckingham Palace, and left again early in the afternoon to return to the country.

His Majesty, who was attended by Commander Sir Charles Cust, was received at St. Pancras by the general manager and other representatives of the Great Eastern Railway Company.

It was noticed that he appeared to have greatly improved in health, and that he walked without any perceptible symptom of discomfort.



With the Allies at Salonika. The men are digging trenches.

VENETIAN BRIDE.

Wedding of Marquis of Granby and Miss Kathleen Tennant.

BEDROOM IN KHAKI.

A crowd which half filled Parliament-square, which climbed the railings and lampposts and needed a force of policemen to keep it in bounds assembled to see what it could of the wedding of Miss Kathleen Tennant to the Marquis of Granby at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday.

The marriage was one of the most important of social events, as was shown by the presence of the Italian and Spanish Ambassadors and the representatives of the French, Russian and Belgian Embassies. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour also attended, the latter arriving with the Countess of Wemyss and Captain the Hon. Edward Lascelles with his wife.

The bride's wedding dress was covered with old Venetian lace. Slung from the shoulders with tassels of gold was a gleaming train fully four yards long of gold and cream brocade.

Holding this glowing tissue was a little page, attired, in medieval fashion, in a gold tunic hung about with chains of gold and silver and clasped with brooches of turquoise. He was the Hon. Stephen Tennant, Lord Glenconner's son.

Behind him came four bridesmaids, Lady Diana Manners, who herself designed the bridesmaids' procession; Miss Elizabeth Asquith (the Premier's daughter), Miss Mary Lytton, and the daughter of Lady Maud Warrender.

As bride and bridegroom knelt side by side in the lily-lined chancel, where fruit-aden orange trees gave a note of vivid colour, the bridesmaids stopped aside so that the congregation saw the gleaming train sweeping down the steps.

The Marquis of Granby was in khaki. After the ceremony a reception was held by the bride's sister, Lady Colquhoun.

The guests included the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, the Duchess of Buccleuch, with her daughter; Mrs. Asquith, in a cape of stiff black silk; the Countess of Lanesborough, Lord and Lady Chesterfield, Lady Albemarle, Lord and Lady Glenconner, Lady Drogheda, in gold brocade, and Lady Tree.

STILL THEY COME.

113,987 Enlist Through Compulsion Bill—More Groups to Report.

Four more groups of Derby recruits are to be called up shortly.

The official notice to this effect will be issued on February 3, and single men in groups 10, 11, 12 and 13 (aged twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine and thirty) will be required to present themselves for service one month from that date.

An official stated to a Press representative that most of the cases for exemption submitted up to the present were able to offer legitimate reasons for exemption from active military service, but were willing at the same time to undertake any national work.

Speaking yesterday at the Labour Conference at Bristol, Mr. A. Henderson said: "Even now we have not all the men we wanted. In spite of what has been done in voluntary recruiting, the demand has been greater than the supply."

"It has been said in the House of Commons that the Bill will not get 50,000."

"I will tell you that since December 15 there have been enlisted 113,987 single men as the result of the Bill, before it becomes law, and 28,000 of those men have enlisted direct instead of going into their groups." (Loud cheers.)

THE KING RECEIVES GENERAL MONRO.

The Prime Minister and General Sir Charles Monro had an audience of the King at Buckingham Palace yesterday.

His Majesty subsequently returned to York Cottage, Sandringham.

TURKS' QUEST FOR TRAVEL PERMITS.

Story of Money Payments and Home Office Call.

SAW "TALL, THIN MAN."

What has come to be known as "the Home Office conspiracy case" was further investigated at Bow-street yesterday. The defendants are:—

John McPherson Mitchell Dallas, of New Park-road, Brixton Hill, clerk to an Inspector of Aliens at the Home Office.

Noi Joachim Altani (alias Altschuler), of Greenwood-road, Dalston, a Russian Jew public singer.

They are charged with conspiring, with others, to pay money corruptly to Dallas to act in violation of his public duties. There are other charges of obtaining money by false pretences.

At the previous hearings Mr. Muir, for the public prosecutor, stated that last December an order was issued allowing Turkish Jews to leave the country. It was alleged that instead of notifying them to this effect, Dallas and Altani acted in combination to obtain fees from them in return for permits.

"ASKED FOR £100 FEE."

The first witness called was Joseph Cohen, of Willesden Green, an Ottoman subject. Last November he applied for a permit to leave the country, but was refused.

He said he met Altani, who stated he was a solicitor to the Home Office, and that he could get him a permit for a fee of £100. Witness filled in a form of application, and afterwards received a letter from the Home Office giving him permission to go to Holland.

When he presented his papers at the Aliens' Office, Tilbury, they were taken possession of by the aliens officer, and he was turned back.

HIS BROTHER ISAAC.

In cross-examination, witness said that he had never seen Dallas, and Dallas's name was not mentioned to him by Altani.

David Salt, an Ottoman subject and a traveller in diamonds, said he got to know Altani and he asked him to try to get permits for his brother Isaac and himself to enable them to go to Holland. Altani told him it would cost £200 or so. Eventually they settled for £105.

Altani gave him an envelope on which was written in pencil the name Dallas, with instructions to call at the Home Office.

He and his brother went there and saw a tall, thin man whom he believed to be Dallas. He told this man they wanted to go to Holland, and that they were Ottoman subjects of Spanish origin. They filled up forms and received permits.

On arriving at Tilbury and presenting his papers to the aliens officer witness was turned back and his papers taken from him.

The case was again adjourned.

'THE POTSDAM BUTCHER.'

Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, speaking at the annual meeting of the Chelsea Branch of the Navy League last night, said:—

"We are assembled to-day upon the fifty-seventh birthday of the greatest villain and criminal that ever disgraced the surface of the earth (Cheer)."

"I am quite sure there is not one of you who wishes to send one of those messages of congratulation which up to two years ago used to be sent by the people of England to 'the Potsdam Butcher.' (Cheers)."

"Our blockade, of which the Government boasted so much at the commencement of the war, was a farce," said the speaker, "and the Navy was being hampered in its action by the Government."

Mr. L. J. Maxse said we must recognise the fact that the Cabinet was composed of weak and vacillating men, who required "bucking up" by the voice of the people.

We wanted a vigorously-contested war, and an honourable and successful peace. We must teach the "half-hearts" of Downing-street that the will of the people must be obeyed.

If we had a real War Government we might look forward to an early and permanent end to the war.

CHEAPER EGGS.

Eggs are cheaper. During the last few days there has been a marked tendency to fall in price.

"Within the last month," the general manager of a large City stores assured *The Daily Mirror*, "the best new-laid eggs have fallen from 30s. a long hundred to 18s. Their present retail price is 2½d. each. They will soon be 2½d."

"It was just before Christmas that eggs reached what is probably their record price in this country. They were being sold at that time for 4d. each."

A trial shipment of small brown eggs packed in sawdust has arrived from China. These eggs are being sold at 2s. the dozen.

Read "The French Soldier's War Godmother," by T. W. Wilkinson, on page 7.

THE KING'S STIRRING WORDS TO PARLIAMENT: "CARRY FLAG TO VICTORY"

British Monitors Shell the Belgian Coast.

HUNS CLAIM ADVANCE

London's Air Defences Explained by Lord Kitchener.

WAR OFFICE IN CHARGE.

THE KING AND HIS PEOPLE.

"I am sustained by the determination of my people at home and overseas to carry our flag to a final and decisive victory."

Such was a stirring sentence of the King's Speech read yesterday by the Lord Chancellor to the Lords and Commons when Parliament was prorogued.

ATTACKS IN THE WEST.

It is quite clear that the fighting on the Western front is becoming brisker and extending over a greater front. French and German communiqués agree on this, though not as to the results.

Allied monitors have bombarded the Belgian coast near Westende and land artillery has co-operated. There have been determined counter-attacks inaugurated by the Allies at several points.

The French claim to have retaken lost positions on the Neuville-La Folie road. The Germans allege that they occupied some 500 yards of French line.

The Germans made a dash to recapture the craters east of Neuville, but were repulsed. Serious damage was done by gun fire to German trenches at Boesinghe and between Streenstraete and Hetsas.

LONDON'S AIR DEFENCE.

Lord Kitchener and Mr. Balfour received a number of M.P.s at the War Office yesterday, when the measures taken for the air defence of the metropolis were explained.

The War Office is now taking sole charge of the air defences. The deputation was told that a great development in the defences has been effected since the last raid.

TURKS RETIRE A MILE AT KUT-EL-AMARA

Foe Abandon Trenches on Land Side of City.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary of State for India issued the following statement last night:—

General Townshend reports that the enemy have evacuated their trenches on the land side of Kut defences and retired, generally speaking, to about a mile from our entrenchments.

General Aylmer reports that there is no change in the situation.

AIR ATTACK IN DVINSK AND RIGA REGIONS.

Russians Stop Turkish Attempts at Offensive at Erzerum.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Jan. 27.—The official communiqué issued to-night says:—

On the Western front German aeroplanes continued to make frequent flights over the Riga and Dvinsk regions, where they dropped bombs.

South-west of Lake Narotche our scouting parties successfully encountered the enemy.

One of them made a surprise bayonet attack on a German detachment and put it to flight, inflicting heavy losses and taking prisoners.

South-east of Kolkha our scouts got through an enemy entanglement and destroyed it with grenades.

On the Dniester, in the region of Ussethko, near the bridgehead, we attacked the enemy with grenades.

North of the Boyana the enemy, after having exploded three mines in front of our lines, made several attempts to attack, but was repulsed by our fire.

On the Caucasian front, in the region of Erzerum, we stopped attempts by the Turks to assume the offensive, and captured prisoners.

In the region of Malazghert we successfully encountered Turkish detachments.—Reuter.

WAR OFFICE IN CHARGE OF BELGIAN DUNES SHELLED FROM SEA AND LAND

M.P.s Received at War Office by Mr. Balfour and Lord Kitchener.

The following official statement was issued last night by the Press Bureau:—

In the afternoon of Thursday a deputation of London members of Parliament waited upon Lord Kitchener at the War Office on the subject of the protection of London from raids by aircraft. Mr. Balfour was also present.

The deputation was introduced by Sir Frederick Banbury, other speakers being Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Burdett Coutts, and Mr. Wiles.

The Ministers explained to the deputation that the difficulties in arranging a satisfactory scheme of metropolitan anti-aircraft defence had in the past been due to a deficiency in anti-aircraft material, a deficiency that was felt, not merely in London, but in the Fleets and in the Armies at the front.

Every effort was being made to remedy the shortage, and with good result. A great development of the metropolitan defence had been effected since the last air raid, and the development was still continuing.

MORE AEROPLANES FOR DEFENCE.

Progress, it should be noted, was not confined to the increase and organisation of anti-aircraft artillery, under the able superintendence of Sir Percy Scott.

It was to be found also in the improved arrangements for defence by aeroplanes.

In the common task of organising defence the War Office and the Admiralty had worked most harmoniously together, but it had for some time been felt that unity of control was desirable, and, as this could only be fully carried out if the whole work of defence was undertaken by the Army, all Admiralty responsibilities were in progress of being transferred to the War Office.

The transference, it was hoped, would be complete within the next three weeks.

Among the deputation were Sir George Reid, Lord Claud Hamilton, Sir H. Samuel and Mr. Warwick Brookes.

HUN AIR SQUADRONS THAT STARTED FOR NANCY.

Three Had to Return, but Two Dropped 100 Bombs.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 27.—The military correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* says the aerial attack on Nancy was carried out by five German squadrons, of which three were obliged to return owing to the bad weather. Two squadrons reached their goal and dropped over 100 bombs.

The correspondent admits that Lieutenant Boehme, one of the best of the German airmen, was obliged to land with a Fokker machine near Ensisheim.—Reuter.

Berlin yesterday morning reported, says the Wireless Press, that Boehme fell down with his machine and was killed immediately.

BRITISH EXPLODE A MINE.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The following telegraphic dispatch was received last night from General Headquarters in France:—

Jan. 27, 9.43 p.m.—Early this morning we exploded a mine opposite Givenchy.

Organised bombardments were carried out of several portions of the hostile lines.

Hostile artillery were active to-day east and north-east of Loos, south of Bois Grenier, north-east of Arrmentieres and north-east of Ypres.

Our artillery retaliated successfully on hostile batteries and trenches.

Germans Report Strong Bombardment of Lens by Allies.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Jan. 27.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon:—

Following up a bombardment of our positions in the Belgian Dunes sector by the enemy land artillery, the enemy monitors subjected the region of Westende to a fruitless fire.

On both sides of the Vimy-Neuville highroad our troops stormed, after a previous mine explosion, the French positions on a line of 500 to 600 yards, taking one officer and fifty-two men prisoners and capturing one machine gun and three mine throwers.

After some further counter-attacks by the enemy, lively hand grenade engagements developed in this sector and at other points of the trenches which we recently captured. The town of Lens was subjected to strong enemy fire.

In the Argonne there were at times fierce artillery battles.

Eastern theatre.—Apart from successful operations carried out by minor German and Austro-Hungarian divisions of von Linzinger's army there is nothing of importance to report.

Balkans.—Nothing to report.—Wireless Press.

FOE'S DASH FOR CRATERS.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Jan. 27.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

Throughout the day our artillery was very active on the whole front.

In Belgium a destructive bombardment of the German trenches situated in front of Boesinghe and between Steenstraete and Hetsas caused serious damage to the enemy.

In Artois, east of Neuville St. Vaast, the enemy attempted by a counter-attack to recapture the craters from which he had driven him during the night. He was completely repulsed.

North of the Aisne our trench guns wrecked the enemy organisations of the Ville au Bois.

In the Argonne fighting by means of mines continued to our advantage. Between Hill 285 and the Haute Chevauchée we exploded two mines.

The enemy suffered serious losses in the fight which ensued for the possession of the crater, one of the edges of which we hold.

One of our long-range guns shelled an enemy convoy which was entering Mangiennes to the north-west of Etain.—Reuter.

GUN DUEL AT NIGHT.

PARIS, Jan. 27.—This afternoon's official communiqué states:—

In Artois there was a very active cannonade during the night in the sector of Neuville St. Vaast.

In the neighbourhood of the Neuville La Folie road we continued to recapture in succession the observation posts and mine craters in which the enemy had set foot. We found there numerous German dead bodies and a quick-firing gun, and we took some prisoners.

In the Argonne we successfully exploded two mines, one near the Haute Chevauchée and the other in the neighbourhood of Vauquois.—Central News.

OUR GRAIN PURCHASE.

The Government has concluded contracts for the purchase of a certain amount of Rumanian grain, was the announcement made in the House of Commons yesterday by Lord Robert Cecil.

These purchases will be spread over a period of several months, he said. The grain is to be held at our disposal in Rumania, and exported after the war or as soon as export facilities permit.



The Duchess of Aosta visits the hospital she has organised in Italy.

"DETERMINATION OF MY PEOPLE."

The King's Speech and Prorogation of Parliament.

LONGEST SESSION ENDS.

Parliament has been prorogued until February 15.

The House of Commons was summoned to the House of Lords at 5.45 p.m. yesterday, and the King's Speech, which was read by the Lord Chancellor, was as follows:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—

"For eighteen months my Navy and Army have been engaged, in concert with brave and steadfast Allies, in defending our common liberties and the public law of Europe against the unprovoked encroachments of the enemy.

"I am sustained by the determination of my people at home and overseas to carry our flag to a final and decisive victory.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—

"I thank you for the ungrudging liberality with which you have made provision for the heavy demands of the war.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—

"In this struggle, forced upon us by those who hold in light esteem the liberties and covenants which we regard as sacred, we shall not lay down our arms until we have vindicated the cause which carries with it the future of civilisation.

"I rely with confidence upon the loyal and united efforts of all my subjects, which have never failed me, and I pray that Almighty God may give us His blessing."

After the reading of the King's Speech, Parliament was at 5.55 p.m. formally prorogued.

And so it was that the longest parliamentary session of modern times came to an end.

Begun on November 11, 1914, it had extended over a period of four months.

More than 100 Bills have been passed, and among those which received the Royal Assent yesterday were the Compulsory Service Bill, the Trading with the Enemy Act (Amendment) Bill, the Munitions (Amendment) Bill and the Bill to prolong the life of the present Parliament until the end of September.

BUDGET PROSPECTS.

It may be taken for granted, says the Central News Parliamentary correspondent, that the Budget will be presented at the earliest possible moment, even if it is introduced before Easter.

Drastic increases in taxation are foreshadowed, and there is a convinced opinion that intoxicating liquors will come within the Chancellor of the Exchequer's net.

The comparative failure of the liquor restrictions in Scotland and on the Tyne to stop drunkenness, and the fact that in the autumn Budget of last year liquor commodities escaped are given as reasons for the forecast.

The high wages of workers are suggested as probable subjects for taxation, and the possibilities of the income tax are believed yet not to have been exhausted.

A heavy increase in indirect taxation is regarded as certain. The Government at the moment are seriously exercised at the excessive expenditure which is going on throughout the country in luxuries.

I have reason to believe that the Treasury, among other departments, have the following schemes under consideration:—

1. An economy canvass among workers on the lines of the very recruiting campaign.

2. A scheme for the compulsory investment in War Loan of a proportion of the earnings of the community.

3. A further and more drastic application of fiscal and other methods for the exclusion of imported luxuries.

KING NICHOLAS AND HIS INQUIRING GRANDSON.

Child's Indignant Outburst: "Who Dared Beat You?"

PARIS, Jan. 27.—The correspondent of the *Journal* at Lyons has had an interview with the King of Montenegro, who made the following statement:—

"During my stay in Rome my grandson, Prince Humbert, the Prince Royal, was very good to me. When he saw me the laughing little twelve-year-old boy at once became very respectful and very quiet. In a few minutes we were the best of friends.

"He asked me: 'Why are you so sad? Who has done you any harm?'

"I replied: 'Your grandfather has been beaten, little one.' 'Who dared beat a great tall man like you?' quickly retorted the child. 'Where did they hurt you? Tell me.'

"My reply to the child was: 'I have been beaten by my enemies all over my body, on my arms and legs and chest and head.'

"The child became sad. 'Did you not have anything more to eat at home?' he asked.

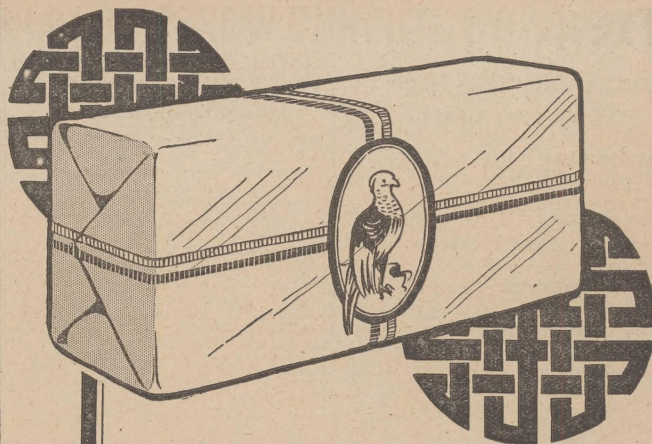
"Thus did my grandson of twelve sum up the cause of my defeat better than all the diplomatists have done."—Reuter.

A Maxim for War Time

Study economy and health by drinking Pure Indian Tea



E 4



The Purest

—the purest Margarine that can be made.
—the most nourishing and the most delicious.

Until you try one of these packets, with the Red, White, and Blue Riband and the Pheasant Seal, you do not know how excellent Margarine can be.

PHEASANT MARGARINE

1! PER LB. Ask your Grocer for it. PER LB. 1!

INFLUENZA COLD AND COUGH

With severe head pains and difficult breathing. Bradford Man quickly cured by Veno's Lightning Cough Cure.

Mr. Wm. J. Bertram, 13, Lizard Street, Hall Lane, Bradford, Yorks, says:—"About two years ago I had influenza, which laid me up for four months. Then last winter I caught a chill which soon started exactly the same symptoms—running at the nose, severe head pains, and a bad cough and great difficulty in breathing. I thought I was in for another long illness, but hearing people speak so well of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure I tried a bottle. After a few doses I felt much relieved. My breathing was easier and the cough and running at the nose not nearly so bad. Soon I was completely cured.



Mr. Bertram, Bradford.

A SIXPENNY BOOK FREE.

Write now for "The Veno Book of Health" containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without. Enclose a penny stamp for postage to Box 77, The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for:—
COUGHS AND COLDS
BRONCHITIS
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11 1/2 d.
A BOTTLE.

ASTHMA
NASAL CATARRH
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BLOOD SPITTING
DIFFICULT BREATHING

Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3". The 3" size is the most economical. Of chemists and stores in all parts of the world, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE



In the Trenches

Symington's Soup gets a tremendous welcome!—and rightly so. It is so warming, so delicious, so easy to "fix up," and above all so nourishing, satisfying and sustaining that it is indeed a gift of gifts to send to the brave fellows. And you'll find your own "housekeeping expenses" less of a worry, too, when you have Symington's Soups on your table now and then!

SYMINGTON'S SOUPS

A 4d. packet makes a quart.

11 varieties—4d. per packet. Sold everywhere.
W. SYMINGTON & CO., LTD., MARKET HARBOUR.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1916.

NOT ON SUNDAY!

WHENEVER people argue that our postal service, and particularly our delivery of letters, should be more strenuous and frequent and unresting, they always assume that grown men and women, the chief recipients of letters, are naturally delighted to receive them. A letter, according to the romantic post office critic, is always a letter from some loved one—as, according to legend, it always used to be, in days when the loved one could not afford to take it in, but merely looked at it, and handed it back to the postman. Then came that blessing, the penny post, followed by that other blessing, cheap education. And everybody began writing to everybody else. . . .

When the telephone torture came, there were prophets who supposed that this would murder letters. Why write? Ring up! Ring up and ask how they all are.

That removed from the breakfast table a fair number of the merely benevolent letters one used to get—letters that said: "How are you? Haven't heard for so long! Do write us a line." But, by consequence, that meant also that a larger proportion of the letters on the breakfast table were of a business-like and pressing nature. Parnell—wasn't it?—used to say you needn't bother about them. Don't answer them. Every letter not answered within a week answers itself. And so on.

But every bill not paid within the week doesn't pay itself. Didn't Parnell have bills? Surely: uncrowned kings always do.

And most letters undoubtedly are bills, or demands upon one's time or patience. After first youth, it is inevitably so. A sign indeed of the passing of youth is that we no longer welcome letters as we once did. We no longer welcome them, because we know what they are about. That one there, with the crest in circle on the back, is the Insurance. That other is the rent. The third O.H.M.S. is the Income Tax, or else something about the war. These? Well, one of them—wait a minute, let us be quite certain—yes, one begins:

I have been wondering for some time whether you would be so very kind as to . . . And this?

I know you'll think me a frightful nuisance and I am most reluctant to bother you, but . . . Put them away till after breakfast. Then, after breakfast, sit for hours, as in duty you must, answering them.

We are not "grousing." We do not complain. We know what can and what cannot be avoided. Letters cannot. Let them be, then, like the rain that raineth every day! All we venture to protest against—we Londoners—is the suggestion busy persons will make from time to time that we ought also to have a post on Sunday. "It's disgraceful—a great city like London, and no Sunday post." Thank goodness. This great city. And the blessing of no post on Sunday.

Let the busy people ring up if they must. Send for the parlour-maid. "Susan, if anybody rings up we're out. You understand?" Not on Sunday, W. M.

MUSIC.

Before the dawn is yet the day
I lie and dream so deep,
So drowsy-deep I cannot say
If yet I wake or sleep.

But in my dream a tune there is,
And rings so fresh and sweet
That I would rather die than miss
The utmost end of it.

And yet I know not what it be
Some music in the lane,
Or but a song that rose with me
From sleep, to sink again.

And so, and also, and even so,
I waste my life away;
Nor is the tune be real I know,
Nor but a dream astray.

—MARY F. ROBINSON.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER'S WAR GODMOTHER.

STORIES OF NEW FRIENDSHIPS BETWEEN STRANGERS.

By T. W. WILKINSON.

DOES any lonely French soldier want a god-mother?

If so, the women of Paris will write to him, befriending him, send him little gifts. He has but to choose. A friend he has never seen, who will write to him regularly—that is the definition of the war godmother.

Paris jokes as only Paris can about the new relationship. What a blessing to the comic artist and the revue writer!

"Ah!" says a podgy, bald-headed husband, shaking a fat forefinger at his still more podgy wife, who, seated at her desk, is writing a letter to a soldier she has "adopted"—"Ah! If you are not less poetical I shall send your portrait to your godson!"

But underneath the jocularity lies a deep vein

tain, it contains a list of soldiers belonging to the invaded regions who "want a marrahe, a woman of heart," to send them a long letter occasionally.

And, to obtain the names of the writers of such requests, come women of every degree, from the grand dame in furs to the little mid-nette, all willing—nay, eager—to befriend a soldier. They will send him, not only bright, cheerful letters, but cigarettes, chocolates, mittens, anything he wants.

SHE SENDS PRESENTS.

Mimi Pinson—so the Parisian calls the mid-nette—playing the part of benefactor! Preposterous, apparently. Where does she, in these hard times, get money for presents? She was, in fact, not to have joined in the good task, because it was thought that she, being only a poor working girl, could not write suitable letters to the lonely soldier, much less send him gifts. But she stopped forward in batallions, and somehow, despite the general shortness of employment, she now regularly forwards presents "over there"—to the trenches.

Often, too, romance suddenly enters into the lives of a marrahe and her soldier. They tell a story in a certain magasin of a little assistant

BRITAIN'S FUTURE.

PROBLEMS OF PATRIOTISM DISCUSSED BY OUR READERS.

FRENCH WORDS IN ENGLAND.

WITH reference to your article concerning a French lady's impressions of our use of French words, I should like to contradict her first statement about "camisoles."

A "camisole," as a French lady knows it, is surely a dressing jacket.

It is a very dainty article, made of white lawn and trimmed with embroidery or fine lace. Some wear it at night, some whilst doing the toilet, and very often whilst partaking of the French "petit déjeuner."

As for washerwomen wearing such things, it is quite unheard of. I am a Frenchwoman myself, and was born in the country, and have seen Parisiennes wearing camisoles. A FRENCHWOMAN.

"SOME VERY BAD."

"A. M." writes: "There is many and many a lesson to be learnt from the ancient writers."

He might have added: "Some good, some bad, and some very, very bad." I remember reading Juvenal's Satires for an examination, and being told that I need not read the ninth, as it was even more shocking than some of the others, and the examiners would not question on it!

We can surely remember Greece and Rome without spending the years of our youth trying to learn their languages, which even the masters cannot speak, and which no one seems to know how to pronounce.

We should do far better by studying what the Greeks and Romans did rather than what they said; or, rather, how they said it. B. A.

"HORRORS."

REALLY I cannot allow "Disgusted's" remark in alluding to Pekingese spaniels as "Pekingese horrors" to pass unchallenged.

I do entirely agree with her (and am sure all right-minded women will) that the extravagance lavished on pet dogs is, to say the least of it, the worst of taste; more especially in these awful times.

But I cannot agree with "Disgusted's" that the Peeks are horrors. I am the possessor of a Peek that is not pampered, that lives the same life as our other sensible dogs, and is the dearest and best companion and friend anyone could wish to have. It is not the Peeks who are horrors, but the women who make fools of them. DEFENCE.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 27.—It is very important to have firm, dry walks in a garden. Now is a good time to renovate and make paths.

In making a path the soil should be taken out to a depth of quite one foot and a foundation of stones put in; the surface should consist of several inches of gravel. If the gravel is deep enough the surface of existing paths can now be turned over, mixed with a little fresh material, and then rolled down firmly. Let the centre be slightly raised. E. F. T.

THE CHILD AND THE WAR.—No. I.



Master British Bob has his little friend (?) Master English Tom to tea and games. Effect of the war upon the games!—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

of seriousness, as you may see any day in one of the bureaux opened for supplying the names of soldiers willing to be "adopted." Here arrive shoals of letters from the trenches, many of them full of simple pathos. You pick up one, and read—

"I was living in Belgium at the time of mobilisation, and just four months ago to-day I was informed that my wife and my two children, aged five years and one year and nine months respectively, had been killed. So now I have neither family nor friends. I ask you, then, to send me from time to time a letter, as a mother would to a son."

Another letter begins—

"Since September, 1914, I have not received any news of my family, who remain in the invaded country (north). I do not know what has become of my parents, nor do they, if alive, know if I am still in this world."

A third letter is chiefly remarkable as showing the relations existing in the French Army between officers and men. Written by a cap-

tain, at the outset, merely for fun, posed as a young lady of quality. Dazzling were the letters she wrote to her hero, ostensibly the son of a certain landed proprietor in the invaded regions, and little less high-pitched was the tone of his replies. For a time all went well, and then—

conspiration! Jules was coming to Paris on leave! Would she meet him? No; she did not altogether shrink from the ordeal. But when she reached the rendezvous and a tall, bearded soldier—a true poilu—came forward, her courage deserted her. Weakly stammering that her friend Marie had asked her to say that she could not keep the appointment, she fled, and, though the man from the trenches called after her, would not return. She did not know then—one of her companions made the discovery later—that the landed proprietor's only son was killed.

Different was the result of another acquaintanceship made by correspondence—the marriage of a wealthy young lady to a soldier whom she first met in a Paris hospital, where he lay

wounded. It was the union of a fairy godmother to a one-armed victim of war.

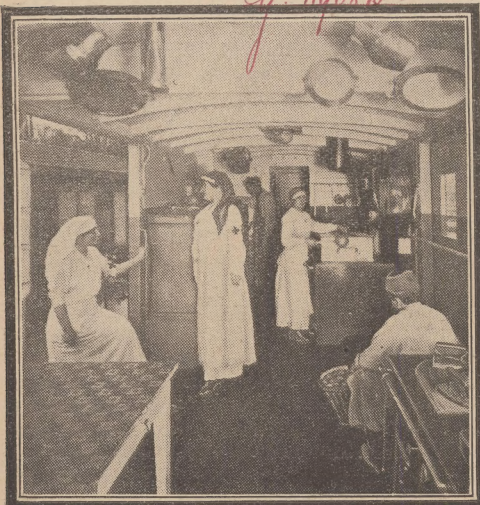
There was a similar romance at the hospital for the blind. To that institution was brought, sightless and suffering, a soldier whose home was in Brittany; and there he was visited by his marraime, a mid-nette whose courage is in inverse ratio to her inches. Regularly she sat at his bedside, reading to him, writing his letters, cheering him always.

One day when he was on the high road to recovery he asked her to marry him, and the brave girl consented. So there was a wedding at the hospital, and now the couple are working on their farm in Brittany, happy and full of faith in the future.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Not what has happened to myself to-day, but what has happened to others through me, that should be my thought.—F. D. Blake.

A HOSPITAL TRAIN.



The kitchen coach on a French hospital train. Many women well known in the social world are working on board these trains.— (French War Office photograph.)

CHARGE AGAINST WIFE.



Mrs. Elizabeth F. Mohr, who is accused of causing the death of her husband, a prominent physician of Providence, U.S.A.

COUNT AS DAIRYMAN.



Count D'Outramont (left) and Baron Snoy making butter at a Belgian farmhouse near the front.

CURATE'S FATE



In private life.



As a sailor.

The Rev. Edwin E. G. Davies, formerly curate at St. Mary's, Buith Wells, who has been killed.

AFTER THE BATTLE: REMARKABLE



In the German lines on the route de S-P, in the Champagne district, after a battle. The photograph shows German wounded waiting for the ambulances to carry them away. The man on the extreme left is meanwhile writing a letter.

CAPTURED AEROPLANE BROUGHT TO ENGLAND.



A photograph taken at one of the British centres of the Royal Flying Corps, where work in one form or another proceeds day and night. In the foreground can be seen the tail of an aeroplane which was brought down and captured in France. The Iron Cross is painted upon it.

FAMOUS



Lieutenant Mans' best friend. His name is mentioned in the story and he

PH TAKEN IN THE GERMAN LINES.



At their feet and in a ditch at the roadside lie bodies of German dead, their heads covered with a black cloth. On the other side of the road carts are taking away the dead heaped in the other trenches.

FAVOURITE TARGET.



The bombardment of the church of St. Sacrament, Arras. Sometimes the Germans announce that they have destroyed a church, and the statement can always be accepted as correct.

ENGAGEMENT.



Miss H. Ogilvie.



Mr. W. Walker.

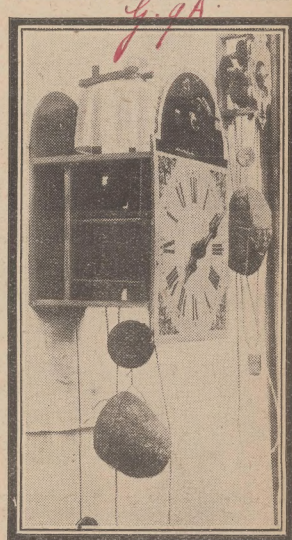
Miss Hilda Ogilvie is to marry Mr. Walter E. M. Walker, North Lancashire Regiment.

MEDAL FOR A NURSE.



Nurse Holden, who has just been decorated by the King with the Royal Red Cross in recognition of her services.—(Vandyk.)

GERMAN CONTRIVANCE.



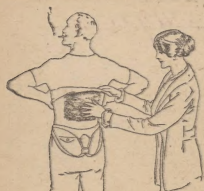
The copper weights have been melted down for bullets, and stones are used as substitutes.

WHEN RAIN IS WELCOMED BY THE SOLDIER.



After a heavy downpour the Poilus can frequently be seen filling bottles or cans with the rain water. They take it to their billet or dug-out and use it to wash their linen, as rain water for this purpose is very scarce.—(French War Office photograph.)

Ger-
killed.
men-
of late,
ed.



Friend of the Family



Once Thermogene is tried it becomes an indispensable item of the family medicine cabinet. It is the friend of the family—proved relief for all chill-caused aches and pains. It is swift and sure however acute or long-standing the suffering may be. It begins its good work the moment you apply it. Its genial warmth is comforting—the pain subsides—the aching ceases—tranquil restfulness follows.

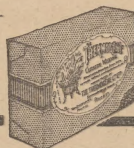
THERMOGENE CURATIVE WADDING VANDENBROECK'S PROCESS

gives instant relief in cases of Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Bronchitis, Chest Colds, Sore Throats, Sprains, Muscular Pains and kindred ailments. Thermogene is suitable for everyone—powerful enough for adult, gentle enough for child, and quite harmless. Thermogene has won the gratitude of thousands of sufferers, and its merits have gained for it the recognition of the BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY, the ROYAL NAVY, the MILITARY AUTHORITIES, and MANY HOSPITALS.

Write for illustrated book on the Thermogene treatment, which tells how to get the best results. Send a postcard to-day to Thermogene Bureau, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

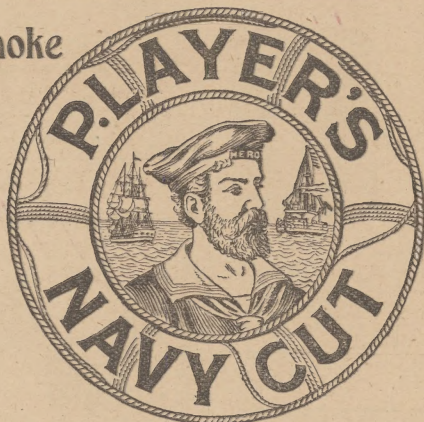
In boxes of all Chemists. If you have any difficulty in obtaining please send at once, with postal or etc. to Thermogene Bureau, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

Look for the familiar orange-coloured boxes in the Chemist's Window.



At all
Chemists
1/1½ & 2/9 per box.

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CIGARETTES

(MEDIUM STRENGTH.)

10 FOR 4^{D.}

FOR WOUNDED BRITISH SOLDIERS AND SAILORS IN MILITARY HOSPITALS AT HOME AND FOR THE FRONT AT DUTY FREE PRICES. TERMS ON APPLICATION TO

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P 580

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Guaranteed Pure and the Very
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Price.

The Family Favourite, and marvellous
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nationally known sign of **GUARANTEED
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LOOK OUT FOR OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL ON MONDAY

A MAN OF HIS WORD

By RUBY M. AYRES

THE PARTING.

GAVIN turned away from Jean with a little groan. It was impossible not to feel sorry for him. She tried to harden her heart, though she did not want to hurt him. She could not forget that he had done everything in his power to set her against Robin—to make her believe badly of him.

But he was ill—still weak from his accident. She checked down the hard words that rose to her lips.

"There was a little silence; then he came back—he took her about roughly by the shoulders, forcing her to meet his eyes.

"And if I refuse to give you up to that . . . that—cheat!" he said, passionately.

She tried to free herself.

"How dare you say such things?" she broke out furiously. "You've told me enough lies about him—I . . ." Her voice quieted. "Don't let us part bad friends, Gavin—I haven't forgotten how good you've been to me—I would love for you to be here, but—oh, what is the use of trying to explain?"

"He'll never care for you as I do—he can amuse himself with any woman. Look at the way he runs after that Mrs. Rutherford and Lillian. I've never looked at another woman since I've known you. I've stuck to you all along."

Jean's eyes flashed. "You seem to have forgotten that night at Euston." Her voice was hard; she shivered at a little at the memory. "But I haven't forgotten it. Oh, the awful time when I waited there alone—in the fog. I shall never forget it as long as I live."

"It wasn't my fault. I wrote—you ought to have had my letter."

She made a little gesture of weariness. "It's too late now to talk about it. It's all over and done with."

"It's not done with—it never will be till you are my wife. I'm not going to give you up like this without a struggle. I've never cared for any other woman; and now—just when I

Do not forget to read our great new serial, "Love Me for Ever," which begins on Monday.

thought we were going to be so happy." He let her go—he clenched his fists. "Curse O'Neil—curse him," he broke out passionately. "A cheat and a liar!"

Jean turned to the door. She did not want to speak the angry words that were rising to her lips; she was afraid of saying too much; but Gavin was there before her. He stood with his back to it, preventing her from going.

"Jean, haven't you any pity for me—just a little?" His voice was broken and strained, but Jean stood unmoved. In her heart she despised him.

She mentally contrasted him with Robin. Robin who would have rather died than plead for himself in such circumstances; who would rather have died than deliberately have tried to smirch another man's name for his own advantage.

She raised her eyes to his face; they were no longer even sorry.

"You lied to me deliberately about Robin," she said. "I never meant to tell you that I knew—but now, as you've said it all over again, I can't help it. What you told me about India was a lie, and you knew it. Mr. Symons knew it, too. It was not Robin who cheated at cards, but my father—and I told you so!" She broke out with sudden agitation, "let me go before I say anything more. I wanted to spare you—I've tried only to remember how good you've been to me in spite of all that I have said to you."

He stood aside then—he did not even look at her, and Jean wrenched open the door and fled—fled with burning cheeks and eyes full of tears down the long passage and out into the street.

It was over, and done with. Under cover of her muff she felt her left hand furtively; she would never wear his ring again, she was free of him for ever. She walked all the way back to Pansy's flat; she wanted to compose herself before she saw Lillian again; she wondered if Lillian would ever marry Gavin—somehow she believed that she would. Jummy would hate it. She caught her breath on a little hysterical laugh as she thought of Gavin as Jummy's stepfather, Gavin who hated children.

How strangely everything had ended after all; and yet—it had not ended yet! She had still to see Robin—to tell him that she was free; she wondered how long it would be before she saw him.

Lillian was alone in Pansy's pink and gold drawing-room when Jean entered; Pansy had gone out, she told her; she looked at the girl's face anxiously.

"Well?" she asked, as Jean closed the door. Jean sat down beside her.

"Told him," she said in a muffled voice. "Yes? Did he—was he very unhappy?" They carefully avoided looking at one another. Jean considered for a moment, then:

"Somehow—somehow, I believe he was more angry than anything," she said slowly. Looking back on that painful interview, it really seemed to her now as if anger had been Gavin's chief emotion; it made her wonder a little if he had really cared for her so very much after all. She went on as if ashamed of her own thought. "He has been so good to me—much kinder than you know. I got into debt over those hateful cards, and—and he paid it all back for me."

"To Douglas Symons?"

"Yes."



Jean Millard.

"I detest that man," said Lillian. "I warned you against him, didn't I, Country Mouse? But you wouldn't listen!"

I know—I was a little fool, but I've learned my lesson now."

"Till next time—eh?" said Lillian, smiling.

"For always, I think."

There was a short silence.

"I went round to see Robin," Lillian said, presently. "He isn't much hurt, really, I am glad to say. His arms are burnt a little, and one hand and his hair are scorched. He made very light of it, said he rather liked being bandaged, as it made him look so interesting."

He declares that he means to sail as he arranged, all the same."

Jean felt as if a cold hand had touched her heart.

But . . . but that's such a little time—only—a week."

"Yes," Lillian looked at her pale face with smiling eyes. "Time to get a touseau, do you think, if it came to the point?" she asked, gently.

Jean flushed scarlet.

"Oh," she said, softly. "Did he—did he say anything—did he ask about me?"

"I don't think he did," Lillian told her. "I don't think he did, and that you had gone to see Gavin, as we all thought he would be so anxious if he had heard anything about the fire. I don't think he asked anything else, though."

She looked at Lillian with a little puzzled frown. She could not quite understand her; she did not like to try and force her confidence.

Jean stayed in the flat all the rest of the day; she did not know what to do, or where to go. She wondered if Robin was expecting to hear from her; if he considered she ought to make the first overture to him.

A dozen times she put on her hat to go to him and took it off again irresolutely; some newly-aroused sense of pride and shyness would not allow her to go. If he wanted her he could come to her, she told herself; she knew that Lillian would be sure to tell him that she had broken off her engagement. Surely that would be good enough!

Every time a bell rang her heart seemed to stop beating; she could not sleep all night for thinking of the letter which she was sure would come. But the letters one is sure of receiving invariably get lost on the way or else are never posted, and the morning only brought a fresh disappointment.

Perhaps he did not want her after all; perhaps he was quite happy at the thought of going back to India without her. She tortured herself with all sorts of possible and impossible happenings.

It was all very absurd and unnecessary, when a ten minutes' ride in a taxi would have put an end to her doubts and fears for ever.

But it never occurred to Jean that Robin was waiting for a letter in just such a fever of impatience as she was; it never occurred to her that he, too, spent half his time listening for the bell to ring and the sound of her voice.

Obstinacy kept him where he was, and a strange new shyness prevented Jean from going to him.

Lillian spoke of the situation to Pansy anxiously.

"What is the matter with them now, do you think?" she asked. "I thought everything would be all right, and that it was all going to end in the good old-fashioned way—happily ever after."

"But here is Jean going about as if nothing unusual had happened and Robin—well, apparently he isn't going to make any advances." She sighed impatiently. "What fools people are not to take happiness when it's there waiting for them!" she said.

"We should, shouldn't we?" Pansy submitted, half-laughingly. "I can just see myself grabbing that Robin of yours with both hands, if he asked me—I mean if I were Jean, of course," she added hastily.

They looked at each other, and suddenly Pansy leaned forward and kissed her friend with unusual affection.

"O'you're going to be happy, too," she said. "I know you are. I prophesy great things for you—you see!"

Lillian flushed; she looked quite young for the moment.

"Such nonsense!" she declared, but she returned the kiss.

JEAN RUNS AWAY.

IT was Pansy who, as she expressed it, finally brought matters to a head. Women are born match-makers, and she had set her heart on dancing at at least two weddings before many months had passed. She sat in her pink and gold drawing-room and smoked endless cigarettes half one morning, and thought till her head ached; then she threw a dead end into the grate, went across to her bedroom, and put on her prettiest hat and coat. She looked in at Jean's room on the way out.

"What are you doing, Country Mouse?"

"Nothing," said Jean listlessly; she was standing at the window looking out into the street.

Pansy came further into the room to show her fine feathers.

"Why not come with me; I am sure Mr. O'Neil would be delighted."

She twisted about in front of Jean's mirror; her quick eyes noted with intense satisfaction the startled colour that flushed the girl's face.

"I'm going to have a sort of little farewell lunch with him," she proceeded airily. "Why don't you come and join us? I'm sure he would be delighted; and you haven't seen him since the night of the fire, have you?"

"No—but can't come; thank you."

Pansy patted a lock of hair into place.

"Really! Well, I'll tell him I asked you. Ta-ta!" She blew Jean a kiss and sailed out of the room. She shut the door behind her and stood at the landing for a moment, laughing softly to herself.

"If that doesn't do it," she said, "nothing will."

She went down to the street and called a taxi. She got in and gave the address of the hospital where Gavin was still in duance vile.

She stopped on the way and bought some roses. When she got there she said that they had been sent by Lillian.

She was sweetness itself to him. She really felt sorry to see how unhappy he was looking.

"Love Me for Ever" is the title of our charming new serial which begins on Monday.

Privately she was inclined to consider Jean a fool. Of course, Robin was a dear, but—her envious little mind took a mental stride forward and realised what a lot of delightful things she could buy with Gavin's income if only she had the chance!

She never alluded to Jean—she talked about Lillian very tactfully; without exactly saying anything definite, she made Gavin feel as if Lillian were the most wonderful woman in the world. She said how popular she was amongst her large circle of friends; how other women copied her frocks, and the way she gave her parties.

"I can't understand why she has never married again," she said, naively, at last. "Dear Lillian! And she has had so many chances!"

Something in her voice hinted that, perhaps, there might be more wonderful women in the world.

"But, of course, you know better than anyone else how exceedingly attractive she is," she told him.

Gavin admitted that he knew very well. He was pleased to remember that Lillian had once been engaged. In his present state of mind it was somehow soothing to his pride to remember that Lillian had once loved him very much indeed. He began to look back on the old days and remember them.

Win Pansy left he told her that she had cheered him greatly. He begged her to ask Lillian to come and see him. "If she cares to," he added, with rather overdone carelessness.

Mrs. Rutherford went home with the firm conviction that she was a born strategist. She was decidedly pleased with her afternoon's work. She told Lillian that as she had happened to pass the hospital on her way to her dress-makers she had just "called in" to see how Gavin was. Lillian's eyes brightened.

"Yes; and—how is he?"

"He seemed rather melancholy, poor man, I thought," Pansy said, artfully. "But not about you, I don't mention her—but he seemed to think that you might have gone to see him. By the way, where is Jean?"

"I don't know—I think she must be out. Jummy, run and see if Auntie Jean is in her room."

Jummy climbed down from the chair where he was perched close beside his mother. He went off with a piece of cake in each hand. They heard his shrill voice calling to Jean across the landing.

He came back shaking his head.

"Gone out," he said as distinctly as a mouthful of cake would permit.

"I rather fancy I know where she has gone," she said.

Lillian looked up. "What do you mean?"

Someone tapped at the door; the maid with the important air entered. She carried a note on a tray which she gave to Lillian.

"Miss Millard left this for you, madam."

"For me!" Lillian looked startled. "Why—why ever need she write a note to me?" she asked.

The maid's impertinent eyes smiled.

"Miss Millard has gone away," she said.

Lillian broke open the envelope agitatedly.

"Don't think me horrid and ungrateful," Jean

(Continued on page 15.)



"Every Picture tells a Story."

If You're Depressed Find Out Why.

DEPRESSION usually means a low condition of the system, and if you can't banish such spells by clearing the bowels, getting more air and sufficient exercise, sleeping more, eating simply, and resting body and brain, you might suspect uric acid poisoning.

Usually you would be warned of this by pain in the back, dizziness, headaches and urinary disorders.

Fight uric acid by eating lightly of simple foods, by taking plenty of exercise and plenty of sleep, by keeping the mind placid, and by stimulating the kidneys to greater activity, stirring them up to filter the blood more thoroughly. There is a safe medicine for this—Doan's Backache Kidney Pills.

Certainly Doan's Pills are worth a trial, for they have helped thousands in serious cases of gravel, stone, dropsy, and acute kidney disease. A sensible person, by living more simply and more carefully, helps to hasten a cure.

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are obtainable at all dealers, or at 2s. 9d. a box direct from Foster-McClellan Co., 8, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

NOTE.—It is not enough to simply ask for kidney pills or backache pills. Ask distinctly for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS, and Be Sure You Get DOAN'S.



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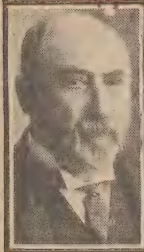
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Mr. Joseph Martin.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Will They Move It?

To be or not to be—another London by-election? That is the question which is perturbing the minds of the Coalition Whips at the present moment. A little while ago they had decided to move for a new writ for East St. Pancras, but after that decision there came Mile End, and Mile End has given the party organisers a terrible fright.

Come to Canada.

The reason for the East St. Pancras business is that Mr. Joseph Martin, M.P. for that division, has been resident in Canada for two years and is going to stay there. So East St. Pancras is disenfranchised. A lot of the local people think it a scandal and the official people in Parliament deem it a great bother. If it was not for fear of an independent candidate they'd move for a new writ at once.

The Shepherds.

Talking of Mile End, I see that my friend Mr. Warwick Brookes was introduced to the House of Commons by Sir Edwin Cornwall and Mr. George Touch. Had my other friend, Mr. Pemberton Billing, gone to Westminster, he would have been shepherded up the floor of the House by Sir Edward Carson and Sir Henry Dalziel. No doubt their turn will come.

When the Ice Melts.

I did not hear Sir Edward Grey's "Blockade" speech myself, but they tell me it was most animated. As a rule Sir Edward stands like a stone and talks with the fiery emotion of a block of ice. I am told Lord Robert Cecil looked astounded to see the Foreign Secretary gesticulating and talking with heat.

Lord Robert's Habit.

When Lord Robert Cecil himself is speaking in public he has a habit of closing his eyes. It is only fair to Lord Robert to state that the habit does not spread over the platform.

The Home Secretary and Church Matters.

I am told that by reason of Mr. Samuel's religious persuasion all Church matters appertaining to the province of the Home Secretary are done through the medium of other officials in the department.

Mr. Bottomley's Jest.

I was talking over the dangers of the hasty marriage habit, which has become so prevalent since the war started, the other day with Mr. Horatio Bottomley. "Yes," he said, "I think it might be as well in many of these cases to mark the marriage lines 'For the duration of the war'!"

An Unusual Story.

I should like to call your attention again to the finely-conceived and charmingly-written new serial by Miss Meta Simmins, which will begin on Monday. No one understands the thoughts of a girl's heart better than Miss Simmins, and in Olive Chayne she has created a delightful character. The ordeal which she undergoes is a terribly trying one, but the girl's character is strong enough to carry through.

Woodward Wounded.

I am very sorry to hear that Captain V. J. Woodward, the famous amateur footballer, who is an officer in the Footballers' Battalion, has been wounded by shrapnel. Woodward was one of the finest forwards I—or anybody else—ever saw play in the Association game.



Mr. V. J. Woodward.

But he's got a certain feminine pectinacity and sureness of touch. That's why Woodward is so great. Here's to his speedy recovery!

No Running Now.

Time was when Bernard Shaw literally flew along the Strand at a good five miles an hour. I noticed him yesterday, and found that he is no longer the old-time Shaw. He was walking at quite a sober pace, and he looked much older and worn. The war has had a bad effect on humorists.

"Four of a Kind."

It is not often that four distinguished dramatists can be seen "all of a bunch" in the Strand. On Wednesday when I was strolling along that cosmopolitan thoroughfare, however, I met Sir Arthur Wing Pinero linked arm-in-arm with Mr. H. V. Esmond, preceded by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy and Mr. Claude Carton. They were in "close formation," and had turned out of the courtyard of a famous hotel. Was it after a cheery luncheon, or had there been a meeting of dramatic authors.

A Man to Watch.

I hear that Signor Giolitti, the notorious pro-German Italian politician, is regularly visiting Switzerland. He is a dangerous wirepuller and he should be carefully watched. His influence is particularly dangerous, as he controls several North Italian newspapers.

An Air M.P.

This is the latest portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Francis McLaren, whose husband—you know he is the M.P. for Spalding—has become



Mrs. Francis McLaren.

a flight-lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps. He is the youngest son of Lord Aberconway, whom I last saw with Sergeant Dick Burge at the Ring enjoying a fast evening's boxing.

The Championships.

Mention of boxing reminds me that all the sporting world and all the Army are getting very excited over the great championship contests to be decided next month at the Golden's Green Hippodrome. On this occasion Sergeant-Major Billy Wells (the well-beloved Bombardier) will meet Sergeant Dick Smith for the heavy-weight championship, and Corporal Pat O'Keefe meets Lance-Corporal Jim Sullivan for the middle-weight championship.

Soldiers All.

This is certainly the most remarkable boxing programme staged in England since that memorable night when Carpenter met Gunboat Smith. And all the boxers are soldiers of the King. Good luck to them and the promoter, Sergeant Dick Burge.

And Then—?

When a woman is bored, the first thing to go to sleep is her conscience.

Good with His Hands.

I have heard the Rev. Mr. Boal pretty often lately making his recruiting speeches at the foot of Nelson's Column, and really you should make a point of going, if only to admire his gesticulatory powers. They are wonderful!

Going Some!

One moment his hands are raised to Heaven, then outstretched in supplication, and anon beating his breast with a resounding thump. I wonder what would happen if they were tied behind his back!

Women Racing.

The woman racehorse owner is coming into her own. Since the "authorised" season of "jumping" started this year they have won six races. Mrs. Charles Tabor, who won at Windsor the other day with Quel Bonheur, is a member of the famous Woodland family, and thus knows all about chasing.

Another Bunt.

I understand that the Moffats have finished another Bunt sort of play. They want a London theatre, and are looking towards the Globe when Peg finishes—if she ever does.

A Daily Walk.

Miss Unity More came briskly along the path in Kensington Gardens. She told me that she made a daily visit to the statue of Peter Pan. For inspiration in her part?

More Illness.

Theatrical London will be very sorry to hear that Mr. C. B. Cochran has been ill with influenza. He is now recuperating at Eastbourne. I hope no German air raiders have been disturbing his seaside contemplations.

And More.

Another popular and well-known figure has been missing from the lights of London lately. This is the beautiful Mrs. Arthur Playfair, who has had a most severe and dangerous illness. Happily all has gone well, and she has now practically recovered.

The Ticking in the Dark.

The night was dark and dreadful. Down a London street—also dark and dreadful—went two special constables. Suddenly on their ears smote an ominous ticking. Hither, thither they peered—then on tiptoe stole heroically towards the source of the sound. Now it was at their very feet. One flashed an electric torch, and there, reposing on a doorstep, was a harmless alarm clock!

His Mistake.

Then did those two "specials" pound furiously upon the door and call loudly on the householder within. And presently a window was thrown up and an irate voice demanded the meaning of this outrage on his slumbers. Could he not, asked the "specials"—with sundry embellishments—find a more fitting place than a doorstep for his clock? "Oh, dash it!" groaned the householder, "I must have put the milk-can on the mantelpiece!"

A New Cine Star.

This is Miss Peggy Richard, a comedy actress new to London, but well known in the provinces, who will make her debut with Messrs. Yorke and Leonard ("Potash and Perlmutter") in a new three-act play, "The Tailor of Bond Street." The play is unique in its characters, inasmuch as the three leading parts mark film-debuts, and will be submitted to the public early next month.

Miss Peggy Richard

Frizzy Hair.

Is frizzy hair coming into fashion again? Miss Ruth Vincent, who used to wear hers straight, now frizzes it. It entirely alters her appearance.

How to Memorise.

"If I want to memorise a piece of music," Herman Darewski, the revue song writer, told me yesterday, "I read it in bed and put it under my pillow. It seems to fix itself in my mind."

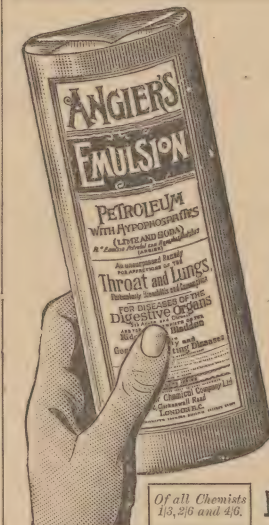
Sport at Shorter's Court.

Ten years ago it was quite an amusing thing to go down to the Stock Exchange about five o'clock in the afternoon. The "House" was closed, but the American market was busily transacting business in the street. Now business in American stocks has dwindled to such an extent that there are only a few dozen jobbers left in the market.

Magpie Boots.

Women in some cases seem to be carrying to excess their desire to be useful. Their latest move in this direction, I understand, is to accommodate their dress to the darkened streets. The first sign of this is magpie boots, the idea being that it will make for fewer collisions. Perhaps it really does all help.

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AMBAZADORS. By Harry Grattan. Evs. 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

APOLLO. NO PERFORMANCE TODAY TO-MORROW. SAT., at 8. OSCAR ASHLE and LILLY BRAYTON in THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Matinees, Mon., Weds. and Sat., at 2.15.

COMEDY. Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh (216th time to-night). Evs. 8.30. Mats. Mon., Thurs. Fri., Sat., 2.30. **"SHILL OUT!"** by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. FRED EMNEY and strong cast. SMOKING PERMITTED.

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DUKE OF YORKS. ALICE IN WONDERLAND, at 2.15. At 8.15, "The Pictures" and THE PARISH PUMP.

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BASIL GILD and MADGE TITTERADGE. GLOBE, To-night, 8.30. Evs. Weds. Fri., Sat., 8.15. Miss VERA MANNING and G. F. HUNTLEY.

HAYMARKET. AT 8.15, WHO IS HE? HENRI ALLEY, Mat. Weds. Thurs. and Sat., 8.15. HIS MAJESTY. Sir Herbert Tree's Production. To-day and To-morrow, at 2.30 and 8.15.

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ALHAMBRA. Varieties, 8.15. Alfred Lester and Co. in Simpson's Stores. Frank Van Hoven. Revue, "NOW'S THE TIME!" at 8.30. THE FINEST OF THE FINE. Phyllis Monkman and Lee White. Sir FREDERICK COWPER will conduct his ballet, Spring, 8.30. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2.15. Dora, 8.15.

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PALACE. "BRIC A BRAC" (at 8.30), with CERTIE MILLAR. PHYLIS PLAYFAIR, GWENDOLINE BROWN, NELSON KERRY, MEDIE GRABARD, SIMON GIRARD, GINA PALMER. Varieties, at 8. MAT. WED. and SAT.

PALLADIUM. 6.10 and 9.0. BRANSBY WILLIAMS. G. H. CHIRWING. ALBERT WHIELAN. MALCOLM SCOTT. ELLA SHEPHERD. MADGE TITTERADGE. ELVIN AND CO. MAY MOORE DUPREZ. MONTMARTRE. OTTO HANNOY.

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Letters Read in Trading with Enemy Charge Against Fownes Partners.

MYSTERIOUS "MURPHY."

The charge of unlawfully trading with the enemy preferred against Mr. William Gardiner Ridden, Mr. William Fownes Ridden and Mr. Stanley Fownes Ridden, of Gresham-street, E.C., again came before Alderman Sir John Baddley at the Guildhall yesterday.

The defendants, who are partners in the firm of Fownes Bros. and Co., the well-known glove manufacturers, are accused of obtaining goods from Germany and trading in such goods.

Claude Camblang, a member of a firm of accountants, said that on July 9 last he inspected books and documents of Fownes Bros. The firm had a factory in Worcester and factories in New York, and owned practically all the shares in a factory in Germany known as "La Tosca."

The New York branch forwarded copies to London of correspondence with the German manufacturers. The correspondence showed that regular remittances of large amounts were made by New York to London.

The books showed items to the credit of manufacturers in Saxony totalling £6,117 6s.

A copy of a letter from Grobe to New York, dated August 24, 1914, said: "I have goods on hand ready for shipment and am only waiting for an opportunity to forward some."

The covering letter from New York contained the following:—

"It will be rather interesting to know how you handle this matter, because when Lloyd went to the British Consul's office he saw a large notice posted up that any British individual or firm sending money to or doing business with a German firm would be guilty of treason."

The reply from London said there seemed no objection to the goods being shipped if they could get the goods through to Rotterdam shipment on a neutral vessel.

The letter went on to suggest that if New York thought it was a legitimate transaction they might consign the goods to "Murphy" or any firm they might think of, "leaving us to take them over."

In reply, one Smelling, wrote: "I don't think it will be at all a legitimate transaction for us, as an English house, to beat the devil round the bush by having consignment made to some American name."

Counsel read a reply from the firm in London saying: "It is quite impossible for us to pay for the goods you have ready until after the conclusion of peace."

The defendants were committed for trial at the Old Bailey and were admitted to bail in the same sum as before.

NO THREAT, BUT—

How the Teutonic Tongue is Being Forced upon the Czechs.

OFFICIALS RESPONSIBLE.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 27.—The Governor of Bohemia, Count Coudenhove, has issued the following order to all Government officials in that kingdom:—

"The official language to be used in the interchange of communications between Government officials is German. It is especially desirable in these war times to maintain German as the State language."

"No threat to other languages is contained therein, but I make every official personally responsible for seeing that this order is carried out on every occasion."

Thus the Germanisation of Bohemia, after having been checked for more than half a century, has begun again. The significance of this linguistic measure may be judged when it is remembered that the Czechs form fully seventy-three per cent. of the population of the kingdom and that the German minority predominates only in the north-east corner of Bohemia.

Before the Thirty Years' War Bohemia was the most cultured part of the old German Empire, but after that terrible epoch and the extermination of the Hussites the whole country, with the exception of the peasants, was completely Germanised.—Central News.

BANK ROBBED OF £94.

A startling series of audacious forgeries has been entrusted to the City of London detectives for investigation, and a description has been circulated throughout the country of two men who are "wanted."

It appears that in the middle of December a cheque-book containing 200 cheques, numbered A2201 to A2200 on Messrs. Barclay and Co.'s Bank, Chelmsford, was obtained by means of a forged order, and three cheques drawn on a well-known Essex firm were presented later at Chelmsford, and the sum of £89 12s. obtained.

One man is stated to be about thirty years of age, 5ft. 6in. or 5ft. 7in. in height, and of medium build. He has the appearance of a dealer, and wears a common ring on the little finger of his right hand. The second man is described as being between fifty-five and sixty years of age, 5ft. 7in. or 5ft. 8in. in height, of full face and stout build, and has a dark clipped moustache. He has an active, bustling manner.



Mistress: "And what was your resolution for this year, Mary?"

Mary: "To economise by cleaning all the boots with CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH, Mum!"

BEAUTIFUL HAIR, THICK, WAVY, FREE FROM DANDRUFF.

Draw a moist cloth through hair and double its beauty at once. Save your hair! Dandruff Disappears and hair stops coming out.

Immediate!—Yes! Certain? That's the joy of it. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after an application of Danderine. Also try this: moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excess of oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides being a skin and hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of Dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but will not pluck out a hair after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

You can surely have pretty, charming, lustrous hair, and lots of it, if you will just try a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine, and try it as directed. Sold by all chemists and stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 3d. No increase in price.

PAWNBROKERS' BARGAINS

SPECIAL Supplementary List of this Month's Unredeemed Pledges Now Ready.

SENT POST FREE, 5,000 SENSATIONAL BARGAINS. Don't Delay, Write at Once.

IT WILL SAVE YOU FOUND.

Bargains in Watches, Jewellery, Plate, Musical Instruments, Clothing, etc.

Illustrated Fur List Now Ready.

ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVERAL DAYS APPROVAL.

13/9 Baby's Long Clothes, magnificent pair, 40 American Roses, etc.; the perfection of a mother's personal work; never worn, 18s. now £210s.; approval.

15/9 Real Russian Furs, very elegant rich dark sable, brown, extra long Buckingham Stole, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed tails and heads; large Muff matching; worth £21; sacrifice, 15/9; approval before payment.

23/6 Most elegant Black Fox Shaped Princess Stole; Muff; together, £18s.; worth £21; sacrifice, 23/6; approval before payment.

59/6 Extra long Real Coney Musquash Seal Coat, £24s.; worth £28; sacrifice, 59/6; approval before payment.

13/6 Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty, perfect timekeeper; also 1000 Curb Albert, same quality; handsome Compass attached; indistinguishable from new; week's free trial; complete, sacrifice, 13/6; approval before payment.

12/6 Gent's fashionable Double Curb Albert, 18ct Gold (stamped filled), heavy solid links; 12/6; approval.

14/6 panding Watch Bracelet; will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; 14/6.

25/6 Lady's Solid Gold English hall-marked Keyless Watch Bracelet; fit any wrist; 10 years' warranty; week's free trial; originally £5, reduced to 25/6; approval.

22/6 Superior quality Blankets; magnificent pattern, contained 9 exceptionally choice and large size Blankets; worth £24; sacrifice, 22/6; approval before payment.

14/9 Colour Pure long Granite Stole, trimmed tails and heads; worth £18; sacrifice, 14/9; approval before payment.

3/9 Lady's 18ct Solid Gold Marquise Ring, set one massive 1000 Caratian pearls and turquoises; 3/9; approval (Worth £10). Fair full size Blankets, exceptionally choice quality; worth £10; sacrifice, 3/9; approval before payment.

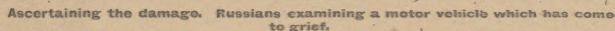
8/6 Massive Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain; splendid; 18ct Gold; worth £10; sacrifice, 8/6; great sacrifice, 8/6; approval before payment.

19/9 Lady's Trouseau: 24 superior quality Night-dresses, Corsets, Knickers, Combinations, etc.; worth £24; sacrifice, 19/9; approval before payment.

DAVIS & Co. (14) Pawnbrokers,

26 Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London.

When buying BAKING POWDER insist on having BAKER'S The strongest, best & most economical in the world.



Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
Press.

Articles for Disposal.
CUTLERY. Services, 50 pieces, 50s. A.1 silver-plated spoons and forks, finest Sheffield knives; ideal wedding outfit; everything required; perfectly new; approval willingly—Mrs. Rowles, 56, Second Avenue, Manor Park, Essex.
CORK LIDS. At wholesale prices, 100,000, "Imperial," regd., 1s. 9d. E. qual. 2s. yd. Sample and coloured design booklet free on request to Desk 5, Ward Stores, Ltd. (Specialists in Floor Coverings), largest cash furnisners and jobbers in the world, 100, Abchurch Lane, corner, Tottenham Court Road, London, E.C. 4. Tel. 3621, 3622, and 3623.

Y Service, 50 pieces, 30s.; A
nd forks, finest Sheffield knives.

CORK Lino at Wholesale Prices—"Kompresol," regd., the sanitary floor-covering; A qual. 1s. 6d., B qual. 1s. 9d., E qual. 2s. 6d.; Samples and coloured design booklet free on request to Desk 5, Ward Stores, Ltd. (Specialists in Floor Coverings), largest cash furnisshers and jewellers in North London, Seven Sisters-corner, Tottenham, North London. Delivery free £1 and over.

old coloured prints, china, paintings on mirror glass.

Archie's Cash Return Co., Ltd. Left-off Clothing, old fables teeth; good prices.—City Central Stores, 133, Gray's Inn-rd., W.C.

2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2

ART—How to make money if you can sketch; free book; send stamp.—A. Seymour, 114, New Oxford-st, W.C.

COOK-GENE—and liberal outtings; tax paid; good references essential.—Apply G. 23, Cator-st, Sydenham (nearest railway station, Penge).

MILLINERY Assistants and Improvers for high-class model workrooms.—Miss Redwin, Woolley, Sanders, Ltd., 4, Wood-st, E.C.

MILLINERY Assistants, Improvers and Pieceworkers Wanted for best work.—Apply Walter Webb and Baker, Ltd., 8, Wall-st (Top Floor), E.C.

2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2

A.L.—FOR Small Gardens. Wonderful Collection of
Seed Potatoes. Veg. and Flower Seeds, 5s.;
Eggs Peas, 6s.; Beans, 6s.; Peas, 6s.;
25 seeds each, 2s. 6d.; 12 seeds each, 1s. 6d.; 40 Rockery
plants, 2s. 6d.; 15 Hardy Plants, 2s. 6d.; free, Bargain
List, Seeds, Potatoes, Roses, Plants, Fruit Trees, Trial
Seeds, etc., etc., 100, Kington Rd.,
12 ETC Exhibition st., London. English-grown Roses
—Lady Hillingdon, Mrs. Aaron Ward, George Dick-
son, Snow Queen, His Majesty, Juliet, King George, Lady
Ashdown, Gen. McCarthy, Mrs. J. Lang, Caroline Testout,
etc., etc., 100, Kington Rd., London, E.C. 1. Smith and Co.,
Dept. L. Nurseries, Worcester.

e, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2

BACON in Sides or Half Sides; splendid meat; Sides of about 46 to 50 lbs., unsmoked 10½d. smoked 11d. per lb.; Boneless Streaks about 12 lbs. unsmoked 11½d., smoked 11½d. per lb.; Hams 7 to 15 lbs., smoked 1s. per lb.; all carriage paid; full list on application.—The Longfield Bacon Factory, Trowbridge, Wiltshire.

NTS.—Comfortable private b

APARTMENTS.—Comfortable private house; sitting-room, bedroom, bathroom same floor; central; excellent cooking.—31, Grand-parade, Brighton.

2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2

PRAM Rubber Tyres.—Fitted at home, wired ready to spring on wheels, from 1s. 6d. pair posted; carriage saved both ways; no cement or cementing; clean, good, cheap; list free; rubber tyres for every kind of wheel.—(Dep. M.). The Rubber and Wheel Specialists (Est. 1860), 63, New Kent-rd, London. Telephone: Hop. 2329.

2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2

GRAMOPHONE.—Model Drawing-room Cabinet, very dainty; height 4ft., on wheels; beautifully inlaid; perfect tone; with selection of celebrated records; accept £5 15s.; approval with pleasure.—15, Upper Porchester-st., Hyde Park, London.

e, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2

LADY Reid's Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas, 2s.; teeth, at hospital prices, weekly, if desired.—Call or write, Sec., 524 Oxford-st. Marble Arch. Tele. Mayfair 5589.

2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2

TALKING Parrots, from 12s. 6d.; 3 months' trial.—Particulars, Chapman, Parrot Aviaries, Birmingham.

e, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2
e for Deafness. Full particu-

A NEW Cure for Deafness.—Full particulars of a certain Cure for Deafness and Noises will be sent post free by D. Clifton, 13, Bread-st Hill, London, E.C.

CORNS Destroyed in 5 days by Needham's Corn Silk, 81d.—Needham's, 297, Edgware-rd, London, W.

DRUNKARDS Cured quickly, secretly; cost trifling; trial free.—Carlton Chemical Co., 522, Birmingham.

Another contribution which is sure to be popular comes from a "Junior Sub," and is entitled "The Girl I Left Behind Me," while Mr. Austin Harrison, the brilliant editor of the "English Review," will also contribute of his very best.

In our issue of December 8 last we published an appeal for gifts for "six lonely soldiers" who are imprisoned in Reserve Lazarette B, Kriegsschule, Munich, Bavaria.

We have now received a letter from them, saying how greatly they appreciated the parcels and letters sent to them.

Personal acknowledgment is impossible on account of the regulations, so they have asked *The Daily Mirror* to deliver their grateful thanks to the following donors:—

Potter, Cambridge; Miss A. E. Landamore and

Friends, Lillingston-street, S.W.: Mrs. Mathias, Finsbury Park, N.; Miss L. M. Dozle, Acton Green, W.; Mrs. Mahew and Miss Drew, M. Hill, N.W.; Mrs. Charles Dibdin, Woburn-square, W.C.; Mrs. A. Holebrook, Bournemouth; Miss V. Harding, Fittleworth; Miss R. Blomfield, Hampstead; Miss M. Owen, Wallington; Miss E. Martin, Bingham; Miss E. Ogilvie, Croydon; Miss Deer, Whittlesea; Miss M. Stevens, Leavesden, near Watford; Miss Jennie Mason; Miss F. Tierney and Friends; Miss A. L. Gladwin, Nottingham; and many others.

(Continued from page 11.)

had written. "But I'm going back to Aunt Lydia. I think I'm just a little tired of London. I'll write as soon as I get there. Please don't be angry with me, and thank you so very much for all you've done."

There was more, but that was all Lilian read; she gave a little gasp.

"She's gone, Pansy! What in the world does it mean. I thought that everything was all right—I thought . . ." she checked herself; she told the maid she need not wait.

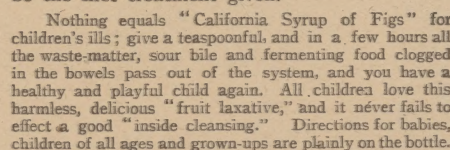
Pansy laughed ruefully; she grabbed for Jean's letter and read it without asking permission.

"It's my fault," she said lugubriously. "I thought she wanted rousing, so I told her I was going out to lunch with Robin; of course, I wasn't going at all: I—" she broke off. she

There will be another fine instalment tomorrow.

morrow.

A WINTER DIET should include plenty of heat producers. The most wholesome and delicious are puddings made with Shredded ATORA Beef Suet, which needs no chopping. Sold in 1 lb. cartons 10½d. and ½ lb. cartons 5½d. Ask your grocer for it. Sole Manufacturers—Hugon and Co., Ltd., Manchester.—(Adv.)



Keep it handy in your home. A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs" 1/3 and 2/- per bottle. Refuse substitutes.



2. 10

Tourville

TY UNALTERED,
THE SAME, 7½d. per ¼ lb."

Mr. Bottomley on "The Moral of Mile End" in "Sunday Pictorial"

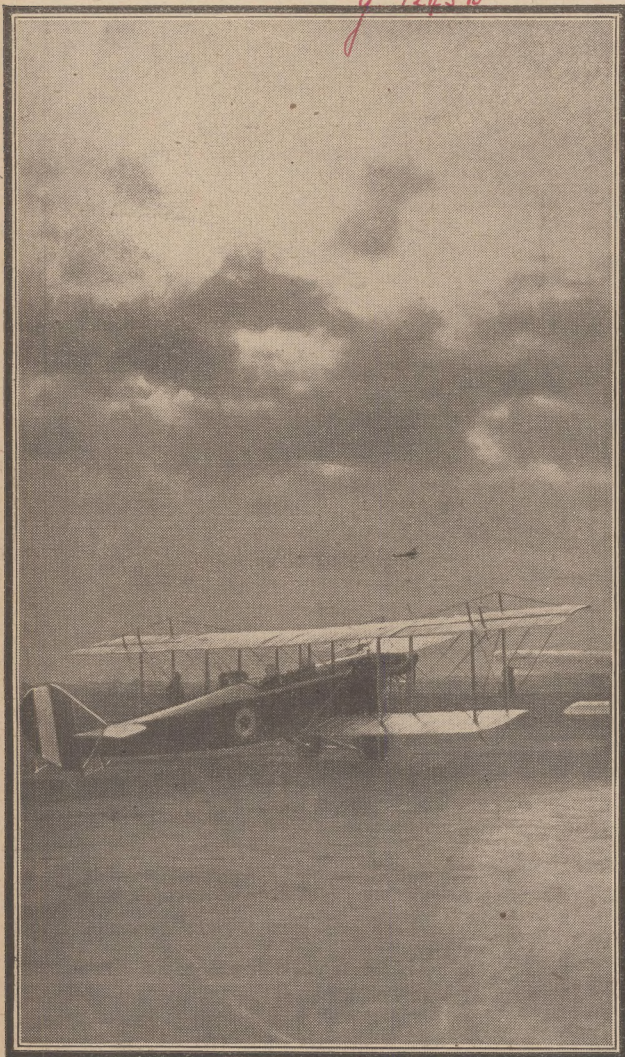
POWERFUL Article, by C. B. Stanton, M.P. "The Real Voice of Labour," in the "Sunday Pictorial." : : :

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

DON'T Miss the Splendid New Serial, by Ruby M. Ayres, in "Sunday Pictorial."

TESTING AN AEROPLANE AT SUNSET.



An aeroplane brought out to be tested at sunset at a centre of the Royal Flying Corps. The pilots hold that they can prove equal to the Fokker or any other machine that may be brought against them.

HOW THE HUN ECONOMISES IN MATCHES.



Box of matches found in a German trench. The label bore the words "Kriegsschitt Streichholzer" (war cut matches). After the match had been used it was "dipped" at the other end, and thus effected an economy.

THE CORDOLINE.



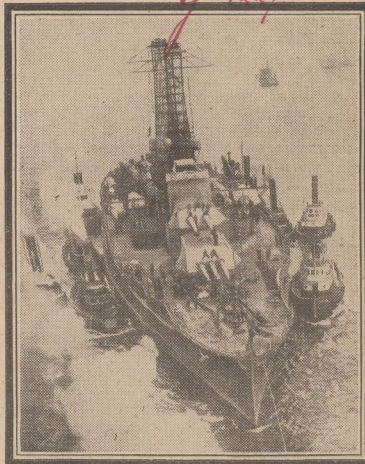
An improvement on the old-fashioned crinoline called the cordoline. It was seen in the West End yesterday. Note the frills around the ankles.

THE FIRST PRIZE WINNER.



Photographed after its triumph at the Horticultural Hall Cat Show yesterday.

NEW U.S. DREADNOUGHT.



The Oklahoma, the latest super-Dreadnought to be added to the United States Navy. It is armed with 14in. guns.

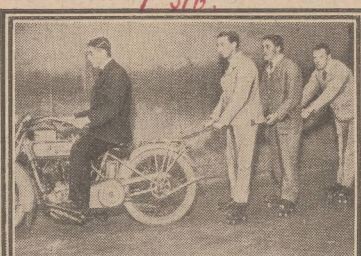
LABOUR'S NEW PRIVY COUNCILLORS.



Mr. Will Crooks (first photograph) and Mr. George Barnes (second photograph), the two Labour members, leaving Buckingham Palace after attending the Privy Council meeting.



TOWED ROUND THE RINK.



Mr. Leon Meredith, the famous cyclist, towing wounded men round a skating rink.